AN

ELEGY

ON THE

Death of the Worthily Honoured

THE LORD

CHARLES RICH.

C An one of *Englands* Cedars ſhrink away
So privately, into a Bed of Clay,
And be Eclipſed from the eye of Day?

H Ow ſhould this Jem be loſt? could we not crave
A ſhort Reprieve? But now are forc'd to have
Ten thouſand Weeping eyes to watch his Grave:

A Las! the hand of Heaven has Cut his Twine,
And lock'd him in a Tomb, whoſe Barrs confine
More Glorious Riches than an *Indian* Mine.

R Ais'd with the Glorious Angels to their Quire,
This High born Soul ſings with th' Immortal Lyre,
Warm'd by the Sacred Heat of Holy Fire.

L Ove's Triumph, Earth's fair Jem, and *Flora*'s Bower,
Beauties Array, Worlds Wonder, Natures Flower,
Was Cropt, and Crowned in a happy hour.

E Arth, to thy truſt we recommend the Prize
Of this bright Oar, there needs no watchful eyes,
Love ſtands to Guard him while he Buried lyes.

S Parkling in Brightneſs, Scituated High,
Glob'd in the higheſt Glory, there his Eye
Is fill'd with Triumphs of Eternity.

R Eſt in thy quiet Urn, let no Weed dare
Spring from thy hallowed Earth, but Flow'rs moſt fair
Surround thy Cloſet with perfumed Air.

I *Ove*, *Pallas*, *Juno*, and the *Muſes*, near
This place will ſit ſometimes, to drop a Tear,
While this ſweet Captive is a Priſ'ner here.

C Ould I but reach thy Virtues in their Prime,
My Fancy would be quickly ſo Sublime,
I'de out-write *Ovid* in his higheſt Rhyme.

H Armonious Soul, now all thine Anthems be
High *Halleluiahs*, and 'tis beſt that we
Do ſing our Maker's Praiſe in Imitating Thee.

Written by *Jeremiah Rich*